Haue ſtrooke more terror to the ſoule of Richard,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſouldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the eawſe-dropper,
To heare if any means to ſhrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Crie mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane tardie ſluggard here.

Lor. How haue you ſlept my Lord?

Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe, and faireſt boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their ſoules, whoſe bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
I promiſe you my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue ſaid, louing country men, (*His Oration to*
The leiſure and inforcement of the time, (*his ſouldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high read bulworkes, ſtand before our faces,
Richard except, thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloudy tyrant, and a homicide.
One raiſd in bloud, and one in bloud eſtabliſhed:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlandered thoſe that were the meanes to helpe him:
A baſe foule ſtone, made precious by the ſoile
Of Englands chaire, where he is falſly ſet,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemy,
God will in iuſtice ward you as his ſouldiers:
If you do ſweare to put a tyrant downe,

You ſleepe in peace, the tyrant being ſlaine,
If you do fight againſt your countries foes,
Your countries fat, ſhall pay your paines the hire.
If you do fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your Wiues ſhall welcome home the conquerers:
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Aduance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords:
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corps on the earths cold face:
But if I thrine, the gaine of my attempt,
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part therof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

Kin. What ſaid Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes.

King. He ſaid the truth, and what ſaid Surry then?

Rat. He ſmild and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.

King. He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is:
Tell the clocke there. *The clocke ſtriketh.*
Giue me a Kalender, who ſaw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he diſdaines to ſhine, for by the booke
He ſhould haue brau'd the Eaſt an houre agoe.
A blacke day will it be to ſome bodie *Rat.*

Rat. My Lord,

King. The ſunne will not be ſeene to day,
The ſkie doth frowne and lowre vpon our armie,
I would theſe dewie teares were from the ground,
Not ſhine to day? why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? for the ſelfe-ſame heauen
That frownes on me, lookes ſadly vpon him.

Enter Norffolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vants in the field.

King. Come, buſtle, buſtle, capariſon my horſe,
Call vp Lord Stanly, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my ſouldiers to the plaine.